

of Geneva is ridiculous. His last years were embittered by the revival of the Sacramentarian struggle, by the fanaticism of the German leaders, and by the ferment of the Italian colony of the city. Well might he say with Marnix d' Aldegonde—"Repos ailleurs."

The French Reformation crushed by war, bitter opposition at home, a city decimated by the most virulent epidemic of plague, known for many years, himself tired to death often and longing for rest—such were his last days.

His naturally weak constitution was hopelessly shattered by an attack of quartan fever in 1558. Yet he never diminished his labors, but staggered on under the burden. When Beza returned from France, the flame was burning low in the socket. Calvin lectured for the last time February 2, 1564; four days later he preached his last sermon. With unimpaired mental powers, but wasted and weak unto death, he bade the Genevese Council a characteristic farewell, as also to the ministry of the city. Then came the touching parting with Farel, his lifelong intimate; and with Beza, his successor, bosom friend and admirer.

And then he passed away, alone and quietly as a babe falls asleep, mourned by the city he had entered as an alien, which he loved as a father and which he left as a conqueror, by the entire Reformed Church, he had founded, and had built up in the faith.

He sleeps in an unknown grave, according to his own request. The stone that now indicates the place at Geneva was put down at a guess. His monument was Geneva itself and his immortal fame. None of the Reformers so influenced the history of the world as he did, and when, at Geneva, among the statues of these Reformers to be unveiled in 1909, his figure will tower above the rest, it will but be an expression in stone of a historic verity.

Presbyterian Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

The very center of the Christian religion is marked by the two words which form the title to this article—Christ crucified. This is not to say that the very center of the Christian religion is your theory of the atonement or mine. The theories deduced from a fact are not so important as the fact itself, but, whatever may be men's theories, the supreme fact of the Christian religion is represented by the cross, the unique and crowning evidence of that wondrous love of God which was manifested unto the world in his Son, Jesus Christ.

This great central fact of the Christian religion always has been and always ought to be the one great theme of the Christian pulpit. Not that we ought always to be restating the fact itself, but that we ought to be continually pointing out the meaning and the import of that sad yet glorious event on Calvary's mount. "We preach Christ crucified," said Paul, and we of this day must continue to preach Christ crucified, even though to the hearers of our time there seems to be nothing of value in our theme; for men to this day often do not look deep enough to see the tremendous meaning involved in the simple fact of Christ crucified.

—Cumberland Presbyterian.

A SERMON IN THE FOG.

Shakespeare saith:

"Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonsh;
A vapor, sometimes, like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air.

It was Shakespeare, too, who found sermons in stones and running brooks. So let me find a sermon in the fog. While many parts of our country are peeping heavenward through a snowy blanket today—and their part of mother earth is in the grasp of the old giant that chills and freezes, we are groping about beneath a dense fog that enshrouds homestead, field and fold, and as we see dimly, as through a veil, all nature shivering, we wonder, and shiver too, as we draw near our ingle and put on another lightwood stick to make at least a semibalance of glow inside, when all is so gloomy without.

It is this fog that reminds us of the days Moses tells about in the second chapter of Genesis, 5th and 6th verses, when the world was very young. "For the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."

So just on the eve of God's crowning work of creation: it was the great mists that watered and made soft the soil that should yield harvests for man and beast. So this fog, or mist, at which we repine today was God's chosen messenger in the early dawn of creation to prepare the way for the Adamic race that should dominate our world and control every living creature.

The first thought in my little sermon is, that fogs have benevolent uses. Before man became the master of our sod, the mists were sent to prepare the way for the plowshare and to make soft the seed beds in the Garden of Eden. The hand that hurls the thunderbolt sends, too, the soft, sweet ministrations of the fog, that awake to new life the germ in the seed of the sower, and when "the mists have rolled away" we see in the place of a harrowed field, once bare, the tender shoots of the living grain making earth rejoice in her garniture of green.

The fog is also a blessing to man, in that it mercifully hides from man the ugly things in his landscape. The great Master of the seasons knows that it is not best for man to have all spring, or all summer, all sunshine and no shadow.

The spring is beautiful and, being the birth period of the seasons, has much to make it a most welcome visitor after the gloom of winter.

The sweet summertime, with bird-song and flower blooms, and luscious fruitage, is a season beloved, but the Divine hand that sends the summer knows that autumn, with its chill mornings and crisp white frosts, must follow the summer and give us pure, wholesome ozone to drive away the malarial influences of prolonged heat.

And then the cold of winter, the white blanket of snow, or the fog-bath; that hides away for a time the dead things around us.

Then, too, the fog is sent to make known to man the Master's varied methods of dealing with this earth of will do in winter time. For other lands, he finds the